MAYER BROS. & CO.,

937-939 F Street.

The Charms of Quality

Quality is the only lasting charm in merchandise. You women have been tempted time and time again by effusions extolling a so-called lowness of price and have learned to your sorrow that the goods looked much better on paper than they did in reality. That may be called, "advertisers' license"—but honestly, does it gain your good will? We think not—and studiously avoid anything of the kind. It's true all goods may look alike on paper, but when you come here you find you've come on no wild goose chase. You find goods as we advertise them-you fin I prices as low as they can be made on such goods.

We believe firmly that we buy as low and sell on smaller margin than any other house in Washington.

The charm of quality is here. Nothing cheapnothing shoddy. When you come here once you feel like coming again when you want something we have.

Silk Waist Doings.

We have created many original things for our patrons. A charm of exclusiveness in this line that is worth more than it

Black India Silk Waists, with black and colored fronts. Special \$2.59 India Silk Waists, in black and colored price.

Wash Waists Are Ready.

Too soon? Not a bit. You'll be enjoying the comforts, the beauty, the perfect fitting qualities of these Waists before

First table to the left as you enter, you find a table filled with Ladies' Wash Waists, choicest patterns pro-duced to sell at 69c. For Mon-

White and Colored Shirt Waists, in Percale, India Linen, and Chambray,

Exclusiveness in Suits.

Everything is tailor-made now. Of course for the sake of doing so you may have a tailor make yours-but he can't do better by you in style, fit, and workmanship than we can with the Suits shown here now ready to put on.

Ladies' Venetian Cloth Suits, reefer, tight-fitting, or the latest dip front, Eton effects, black and colors. Jackets lined throughout with taffeta silk; skirt with new panel front and glove fitting hips and back. Spe- \$17.00

Petticoats that Please.

Just as important as your skirt. Must fit right, must hang right, must be of proper fullness. We've attended to these points.

Taffeta Silk Petticoats, black or col- Black Satin Petticoats. Speors; corded ruffle, all lengths. \$4.75 etal price. 350

Dress Skirts.

It's a waste of time and money to have a Dress Skirt made. The art of making them in bulk has been so perfected and has so cheapened the cost of production that you'll get twice as good a Skirt now at a price it would cost to make

Ladies' Venetian Dress Skirts in tan,

Millinery Beauties.

We've been wonderfully successful in our Trimmed Hat Department this season. That means we've gotten just the things-things the ladies wanted most. The constant change wrought by fresh arrivals adds new interest every day,

An assortment unequaled in the city. Hats trimmed in chiffon, liberty silk, taffets silk, wings, flowers, algrettes, taffeta silk, wings, in allity and ornaments, best quality materials; chic creations. \$5.00

The Untrimmed Hat Department. -has grown. We never hesitate to devote more space and

money to a department when the ladies want more to choose from

Hand-made Braid Hats deserve particular comment. Don't forget to see the showing when you're here.

THE JOAN-New shape white sating straw, faced with combination 99c color braid. Special price.... THE DANUBE - New short back sailor, round crown; all colors. 750

White Rough Braid Sailor Hais. sailor shape; trimmed and lined. Special price. Children's Trimmed Sailor Hats. Special value .. Imported Leghorn Hats for and children; worth \$1 to \$1.50,

Flowers.

Nature will not be ashamed to be imitated as we have imitated her. Flowers just as beautiful-just as delicate looking here as nature herself produces.

Silk Popples, red and white, 6 in a bunch. Special price, 25c bunch. Daisies, bunched with grass. Special bunch.

Endless variety of Foliage, at 25c bunch. Balsy Sprays. Special at 121-2c Violet Leaves. Special price at 16e

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Uncle Sam Don't Wear



OSTEOPATHY.

Henry E. Pattersón, D. O. Alice M. Parerson, O. Late of the Faculty of the American School Ostoopathy, and A. T. Still, Infirmary, of irkeville, Mo. Call or write for literatures. Commitation free WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST BLDG., 0225 3m6s SE2 F FL. N. W.

THE FINEST PLANTS TO BE FOUND AND . Fresh Fragrant Flowers AT ALL TIMES AT FREEMAN'S

The Success of George Gibbs. The success of George Gibbs, who has won renown both as a writer and illustrator, is extremely gratifying to his riends in Washington, where he was rought up and where his first work was one. Mr. Gibbs righty deserves place he has won for himself, for he ban not only undoubted talent, but what is much better that Yankee characteristic,

sticktoiriveness In the last number of the "Saturday Eve sing Post" he has a page devoted to washington Fifty Years Ago," which is washington Fifty Years Ago," which is washington with an and cleverly li-instructed. He has been doing a quantity of work for this enterprising weekly recently, all of which has been excellent, and his friends offer him their warmes ongratulations.

Keeping Him Contented.

(From Brooklyn Life)
Wife—There, dear; here are all the imagaere's whisky and sods, and a box of your?

ite cigars and the papers. If you want anything just ring the bell.

Hisband What on earth is the matter?

"Nothing: I seerels quarted to make your hom as club-like as possible."

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY.

The most high gods have decided that too nuch power over the hearts of men shall not be given to other men, for then the givers are forgotten in the gift and the smoke dies away from the altars. So they kill the men who play with souls. cording to an ancient saying, before they destroy the victim they make him mad. There are, however, modifications of the process. Occasionally they make him

As I came down the board walk that lends to the ocean, I saw by his staggering and swaying gair that the man was not only very drunk indeed, but that he gloried in the fact. This was shown by the brandishing arms and the tossing head and the deflant air with which he regarded the cot-tages, before one of which he psused, lean-ed forward, placing one hand dramatically ed forward, placing one hand diamate and at his ear, and presently executed a wild dance of what was apparently derision. A timid woman would have retreated, but I am not timid, except when I am alone it, the dark. Also I have what my brother-in-law calls Bohemian tastes. As nearly as I have been able to understand that phrose, the sterifies a creat inverse in people, esit signifies a great interest in people, es-pecially when they are at all odd. And this solitary, according dance of a ragged man before the Averys cottage was odd in the

have been able to understand that parase, it signifies a great inverse-in people, especially when they are at all odd. And this solitary, scornful dance of a ragged unterpression before the Averya cottage was odd in the extreme.

When they are at all odd. And this solitary, scornful dance of a ragged unterpression with the extreme.

"Good thing you come," he announced the extretion of his late performance. What did dancing drunken men talk about ! wall-ed alower. Wy brother-in-law says that a woman with any respect for the propristies, to say nothing of the propristies and the conventions, both they have on occasion suffered relapte, more especially at those times, prior to to bin in arrivage to my sister, when I, although supposed to be walking and riding and rowing and nahptha launching with these says frequently and inecreasing and the conventions had been also always and rowing and nahptha launching with the says frequently and inecreasing and the conventions had not been always behind me, for he spoke with nucle force. "Did you ever hear such about the comman of the proprieties and the cannot be related to the proprise of the p

My brother-in-law came down on the afternoon boat, and of course he occupied our attention. His theories, though often absurd, are certainly well sustained. For instance, his ideas as to the connection between gentin and insanits. He says but I don't know why I speak of it. I defeated him utterly. At length I left the room, I hate a man who won't give up when he's beaten. I found the Nice Boy on the piazza, and we sat and talked. Really a harming fellow. And not so very young,

gave Hunter two hams for a chicken I gave Hunter two hams for a chicken, and it was a mean swindle" he said reminiscently, "Speaking of sandwiches, I gave a chap 19 cents to buy some this afternoon. Awfully seedy looking. Shabby clothes, stubbly heard, dirty hands, not half soher, and what to you think he said?" I remembered and blushed.

"I don't know." I marganged.

I remembered and blushed.

'I don't know.' I murmured.
'He invited me to a restfal—a piano recital!' He said he was going to play at 5:30 in the auditorium, and I might come if I liked, though it was a private affair!
How is that for nerve? He didn't look up to a hand organ.'
My curiosity graw. And then I had a My curiosity grew. And then, I had a great consciousness of not liking to dis-

great consciousness of not tiking to dis-appoint even a drunken man. He evi-dently thought I was coming. I sketched lightly to the Nice Boy the affair of the morning. He was not shocked. He was amused. But my brother-in-law says that nothing I could say could shock the Nice Boy. In fact, he says, that If I mean noth-ing serious. I have no business to let the Nice Boy think—but that is a digression. It is one of my brother-in-law's preruga-tives to he as innervinent as he cares to res to be as impertment as he cares to

Shall we go over ! " said I. "He is very "Shall we go over: said i. He is very probably an accompanist, stranded here with his engagement ended. Perhaps he even plays well. These things happen in books." The Nice Boy shook his head. "We'll go, by all means," he said. "bin don't hope. He's not fouched a piano this long time."

So we gathered some shawls and cushions and went over. The bailding was all dusty and smelled of pine. As we stumbled in, the round of a piano met us. I own I

in, the round of a plano met us. I own I was a bit excited. For one doubtful second I listened, ready to adore. Then laughed nervously. We were not people in a book. It was Mendelszohn's "Spring ong" played rather slowly and with -one played it so when it was necessary to use the notes. The Nice Boy smiled

"Too bad," he whispered. "Shall we go

"I should like to view the fragments of the idol." I whispered back. "Let's end the illusion by seeing him." So we tip-ted up to the benches, and looked at the platform where the Steinway stood. Twirling on the stool sat a girl of seventeen o strain was yet to come. As I sank into



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HUMPHREYS

Schuabert sang sweetly, wonderfully I show the sange of the serenate even fairly well. And dear Franz Abt has made most loving melodies. But they were musicians singing—this was a man. Du meine Liebe, du'"—that was no piano it was a voice. And yet no human voice could be at once so timped and so rich, so thrifting and so clear. And now it crashed out in chords—heavy, broken histmony. Possession, rapture, absolute, glowing, pulsing joy—but these are adjectives, and that was love and music.

I don't in the least know how long it lasted. There was no time for me. The

god at the piano repeated it again and again, I think, as it is never repeated in the singing, and always should be. I know that the tears rolled over my checks and dropped into my lap. I have a vague remembrance of the Nice Boy enthusiastically and brokenly begging me to marry him tonight and go to Venice with him tomorrow, and my ecstatically consenting to that or anything else. I am sure he held my hand during that period, for the rimgs cut in so, the next day. And I am aimost sure—indeed I am quite certain—but why consider one's self responsible for such things? At any rate, it has never happened since.

And when it was over we went up hand in hand, and the Nice Boy said, "What-what is your-your name?" And I stared at him, expecting to see his dirty clothes at him, expecting to see his cirry cioties drop off, and his traifing clouds of glory wrap him 'round before he vanished from our eyes. His heavy eyebrows bent to-gether. His knees shook the piano stool. He was laboring under an intense excitement. But I think he was pleased at our

"What—what the devil does it matter to ou what I'm named?" he said, roughly. "Oh, it doesn't matter at all, not at all." I said meekly; "only we wanted, we wanted—" And then, like that chit of seven-teen, I cried too. I am such a fool about

"Now you know what I mean when I say can play." he growled savagely. He

sarsed discreetly by. Soon I heard his steps and I knew he was coming after me, while he was yet some distance behind me as spoke again.

"I suppose that fool of a woman thinks she can play," he growled as he he lurched against a lamppost. Then I did the unpardonable deed. I turned and answered him.

"How do you know it's a woman?" I asked.

"How do you know it's a woman?" I asked.

"Hull: Take me for a fool, don't you," he said scornfully, suffing along unsteadilly. "I'm drunk as an owl, but I'm no food! No. I know it's a woman from the pawnin' round she does. Bah. Thinks she's playin'. Damn nonsense!" He sat down carefully on the sand by the side of the wait and wagged his head knowingly. I looked cautiously about. No one was in sight. I bent down and united my shoe.

"Perhaps you could play it better?" I suggested sweetly. His jaw dropped with consternation.

"Play it better. Can.-I-play-it-better? Well, I'll tell you one thing. If I couldn't will be sand. I and tied my shoes.

"No," said I, and tied my shoes. He didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On the support of the

Well, I'll tell you what I'd no. The work of the cointrary, he brought out each word with a particularly clear and final work. It is all back before them, they had been with a particularly clear and final work. It is all back before them, they had been with a particularly clear and final work. It is all black before them, they had been with a particularly clear and final work. It is all black before them, they had been with the should like to leave all back before them, they had been with the should like to leave and the words. It is a said solemaly, and the should like to leave and the state of the tale, and trunk now." He an anounced the stell gillian a gravity so colosed as to render lamphers and the shook his first at the Avery cottage.

"What I can't play (chopin." I said. He shook his first at the Avery cottage.

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"What I can't play (chopin." I said. He shook his firs

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The Lowest

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Fine Shoulder, 61c lb Boiling Beef, 5c lb Tin Roast, 8c lb

CHAS. CAMPBELL, 230 11TH ST. S. E.

MAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAA

Decker, and he took great pleasure in in-troducing him. At this point Mr. Decker should have se forward. As he did not, my brother in-law stepped back to get him. He found the Nice Boy alone in the room behind the stage looking distinctly nervous. He explained that Mr. Decker had gone out for

something. Mr. Decker had met with an accident—would some one get a doctor."
Was there perhaps a doctor in the audience? They could realize his position—and more of that sort.

I knew well enough. When the doctor in the doctor is knew tell enough. When the doctor is knew tell enough. The document of little children in their mather's arms.

"MOTHER'S BREAD" Is Peerless!



of the pure, w BREAD movement. Progressiveness has been been to be too round of the ladder of perfection in bread making. Our grandmethets bester bake in fire cleanest, best equipped modern taking in existence. Instantians of MOTHER'S BREAD are plentiful, but like all instantions, and should be simmed as such. the CORRY BROS. 2325 Brightwood Ave. Plume 1440

shout the strange artist. Whether he ever fully realized what the evening had been we never knew, because when they went in the next morning to see how he was, they found him dend. The doctor said that the excitement, the terror, the sudden cutting off of liquor, with the sudden wild drinking, were too much for an overstrained heart, and that he had

a moment to get the air—he was naturally a bit excited, and the room was close. My brother-in-law said nothing, and they waited a few moments in strained silence. Pinally they walked about the room look—have been so pleased, and that the horrible

Finally they walked about the room looking at each other.

"Do you think it was quite wise to let him go?" said my brother-in-law, with compressed lips. The Nice Boy is horribly afraid of my brother-in-law.

"I'll—I'll go out and—and get him," he gasped, and dashed out into the dark, cursing himself for a fool. This was unfortunate, for in five seconds more. Mr. Decker had reeled into the room. He explained in a very thick voice that he had never been able to play without the drink; that a little hrandy set his fingers free, but that he had taken too much and must rest.

"When the Nice Boy got back—he had."

I shall find out the name of the man who

tle brandy set his fingers free, but that he had taken too much and must rest.

When the Nice Boy got back—he had brought two great pails of cold water and a fresh dress shirt—it was too late. The man lay in a heap on the floor, and my brother-in-law stood white and raging falking to the heap. The man was drunk-enly, horribly askeep. The Boy said that the worst five minutes he ever spent were those in which he poured water over the heap on the floor and shook it, my hrother-in-law watching with an absolutely indescribable expression.

Then he got out on the platform and said something. Mr. Decker had met with an

I knew well enough. When the doctor went in he found the Boy shaking the drunken brute on the floor, and they told the doctor all about it and he went out by the other door. And they got a carriage and took Decker to the hotel.

I don't know—it seemed not whofly his fault. And his face showed that he had suffered. But the men would hear nothing of that. My brother-in-law says that for a woman who is really as hard as nath. I have more apparent and aesthetic sympathy than any one he ever knew. And though it is not true, as my brother-in-law inspired by me among the ama need only be rainled by me among the among the among the among the solution to insist that somewhere, somewhow, the beautiful sounds he made are accounted to him for just a little righteous ness!—J. D. Drakam, in the New York Evening Post.

Heer Brewed, But Not Like Heurich's in the taste to brew a dark or light been, but

pathy than any one he ever knew. And that may be so.

The people took it very nicely. They cleared the floor, and the younger one talked, and the danced and the older ones talked, and the manager sent over ices and coffee, and it turned out the affair of the season. And turned out the affair of the season. And rich's Macrael to the most famous. They can be superior materials used make manager sent over ices and coffee, and it turned out the affair of the season. And

We're out-talked often-out-done never.

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\$.\$

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